

PLAYS FOR THEATRE.

Working Title: "DR WHO AND THE MOLE-BORE"

BY

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EPISODE THREE.

Working Title: "DOCTOR WHO AND THE A-GLE-BORE"

CAST:

DR WHO.

LIZ SHAW (I & II)

BRIGADIER LETHBRIDGE STEWART (I & II)

PROFESSOR ERIC STAHLMAN (I & II)

SIR KEITH MULVANEY.

GREG SUTTON (I & II)

PETRA WILLIAMS (I & II)

UNIT SERGEANT (I & II)

UNIT SENTRY (I & II) N/S

UNIT SOLDIER (II) N/S

TECHNICIAN (II) N/S

EXTRAS:

UNIT SOLDIERS (I & II), TECHNICIANS (I & II)

(N.B: I & II refer to the characters as seen in 'Earth I' (or the true Earth) and the duplicate 'Earth II' warp-dimension. They are the same people - but they look, and are dressed, slightly different. See relative descriptions within the text of the Script.)

\* \* \*

SETS:

CENTRAL CONTROL (I & II) Could be Composite

DRILL-HEAD AREA (I & II)

BRIGADIER'S OFFICE (II)

DOCTOR'S HUT (I & II)

EXTERIORS:

Outside the Doctor's Hut. (I & II)

A Roadway inside the Complex (II)

Side Road, inside the Complex (II)

Outside the Operational Building (II)

Flat topped Roof of Building (II)

A Catwalk (II)

Ground below the Catwalk (II)

"DOCTOR AND THE CUT-BACK"

By

Don Roughton.

OPENING CREDITS AND TITLES.

1. INT. DOCTOR'S HUT. TIME: AS AT THE  
END OF EP 2.

(REPLAY LAST SCENE (31) OF EP 2.)

LIZ AND THE BRIGADIER COME BURSTING IN.  
THEY STOP AT THE DOORWAY.

FROM THEIR P.O.V. WE SEE THAT THE  
WHOLE PLACE IS STRANGELY QUIET. THE  
CAMERA PANS ROUND AND WE SEE THAT  
THE DOCTOR, HIS CAR AND THE CONSOLE  
HAVE DISAPPEARED COMPLETELY. THERE'S  
JUST A FAINT MARK IN THE CENTRE OF THE  
FLOOR WHERE THE CONSOLE ONCE STOOD.

LIZ: He's gone! He's made another  
test run in the Tardis console!

BRIGADIER: We can't be sure, Liz. His  
car's gone, too.

LIZ: The car went last time. Evidently  
it was in the active scope-radius of the console

SHE MOVES OVER TO THE POWER BREAKERS.  
THE MEGAVOLTAGE METER SHOWS ZERO  
AND THERE ARE NO WARNING LIGHTS ON.  
SHE FLICKS THE BREAKERS UP AND DOWN.  
THERE'S NO REACTION.

LIZ: And Stahlman's cut off the power  
supply. (BEAT) The Doctor's trapped - wherever  
he is!

BRIGADIER: We'll get Stahlman to reconnect  
the power.

LIZ: (SCURVY) Do you think he will?

BRIGADIER: The <sup>Doctor</sup> Brigadier can't just have  
disappeared into the blue!

LIZ: Can't he?

BRIGADIER: Didn't you tell me the thing wasn't working properly ?

LIZ: It could still be activated.

BRIGADIER: Was it dangerous ?

LIZ: Of course !

BRIGADIER: Then why on earth...

LIZ: (ANGRILY) It's pretty obvious why he did it, isn't it ? No one around here took a blind bit of notice of him, did they ? No one listened when he was giving advice. No one paid any attention to his warnings. And then, finally he was expelled, wasn't he ? Alright, so he activated the console and tried to get as far away from this complex, and that wretched Mole-Bore as he could. It's as simple as that !

BRIGADIER: I'm sorry, Liz.

A PAUSE.

LIZ: (QUIETER) No. No, it's not as simple as that. (BEAT) He said something about the Tardis being a part of him... His whole existence revolved about it. (SIGHS) I'm not at all sure he was happy here, anyway. And I don't mean just here in the complex.

BRIGADIER: I know what you mean. Listen, I'll have the grounds searched, just in case. And I'll talk to Stahlman. Maybe if you get the power back in here - you might be able to bring him back from - from wherever he is.

LIZ: Maybe.

BRIGADIER: In the meantime, I'll have the sentry outside keep a watch on this place. He'll report if anything happens. Come on, Liz.

BUT LIZ IS RELUCTANT TO GO.

BRIGADIER: Come and help me with Stahlman. HE TAKES HER ARM AND THEY GO OUTSIDE.

CUT TO:

TK 1, Outside the Doctor's hut, Day,

As LIZ and the BRIGADIER come out.

LIZ goes straight to the jeep and gets in. The BRIGADIER moves over to the SENTRY. The man salutes and the BRIGADIER talks quietly to him, pointing to the hat. The man nods and the BRIGADIER joins LIZ in the jeep. He starts it up and they drive off.

After they've gone the SENTRY walks over to the hut and has a look inside, through one of the windows.

Cut to:

2, INT. DOCTOR'S HUT, SAME TIME.

FROM THE SENTRY'S P.O.V. THE HUT IS EMPTY AND SILENT.

CUT BACK TO:

TK 2, Outside the Doctor's hut, Day,

The SENTRY shrugs and comes away from the window. He takes up his position some little distance from the hut - and settles down to watch.

Cut to:

Outside the Operational Building, Day.

LIZ and the BRIGADIER drive up to the main entrance of the building, stop the car, get out and hurry inside.

Cut to:

3, INT. CENTRAL CONTROL, SAME TIME.

(C.I: 49HRS: 19MINS. DEPTH: 100,200 FT)

THE ACCELERATED DRILLING PROGRAMME IS IN FULL SWING NOW. THE WHINE OF MACHINERY IS AT A HIGHER PITCH.

SUTTON IS CHECKING OVER THE FLEXIBLE PIPES OF COOLANT LEADING INTO THE DRILL-HEAD AREA.

STAHLMAN AND PETRA COME IN FROM THE DRILL-HEAD. STAHLMAN MOVES AWAY TO MAKE SOME NEW CALCULATIONS. PETRA CHECKS OVER SOME GUAGES AND DIALS. SUTTON MOVES TO HER.

SUTTON: Well, I've got most of the piping laid for the coolant reserve.

PETRA: (OFFHAND) That's good.

SUTTON: You're not impressed?

PETRA: Mr Sutton, I have other things on my mind,

SUTTON: Greg.

PETRA: What is it you want? A round of applause, Mr Sutton?

SUTTON: Don't you ever relax?

PETRA: There's not time.

SUTTON: (SHRUGS) Okay, okay. (BEAT  
Incidentally...)

PETRA: Yes ?

SUTTON: I suppose you've got large stocks  
of that coolant.

PETRA: A million and a quarter gallons.

SUTTON: Just as well.

PETRA: What do you mean ?

SUTTON: Well, it just struck me. That  
coolant solidifies the molten rock down there,  
doesn't it ?

PETRA: Yes.

SUTTON: And if you stopped syphoning it  
down - that shaft would suddenly erupt into a  
king-sized Vesuvius, wouldn't it ?

PETRA: It can't happen, Mr Sutton.

SUTTON: Still, it's a... (HE CHUCKLES)  
I was just going to say: 'it's a chilling thought'.  
Hardly the right adverb, is it ? We'd all end up  
as pot-roasts.

AND HE MOVES BACK TO HIS INSPECTION OF  
THE PIPELINE. PETRA SMILES GENTLY TO  
HERSELF.

IN THE MEANTIME, LIZ AND THE BRIGADIER  
HAVE COME INTO CENTRAL CONTROL.  
THEY GO STRAIGHT TO STAHLMAN.

BRIGADIER: Professor...

STAHLMAN: Not now, Brigadier.

BRIGADIER: (SHARPLY) Yes, now, Profes-  
sor !

STAHLMAN TURNS TO HIM IMPATIENTLY.

STAHLMAN: It had better be important.

BRIGADIER: It is, sir.

STAHLMAN: Go on.

BRIGADIER: I should like to formally request  
that the nuclear power be reconnected to the  
Doctor's hut.

SIR KEITH HAS APPEARED IN THE B.G. HE APPROACHES TO LISTEN.

STAHLMAN: I said, it had better be important Brigadier!

LIZ: It is vitally important, Professor The Doctor has disappeared...

STAHLMAN: Excellent. So, for once he has done as he was told.

LIZ: But you don't understand. He was engaged in some experiment and you switched off the power supply at a critical moment...

STAHLMAN: I told that man to get off this establishment, Miss Shaw. And he has done just that. I denied him a power source when he was here, getting under my feet - I don't propose to reconnect now that he's gone!

SIR KEITH COMES FORWARD.

SIR KEITH: Stahlman, be reasonable...

STAHLMAN: I've been more than reasonable ever since this project began. Up until now I've tolerated all these crackpot 'experts' and 'advisors' - and only offered a token objection. But now we have accelerated the drilling programme - and I will not be obstructed further.

SIR KEITH: You had no right to accelerate the programme - not without proper consultation with the Ministry.

STAHLMAN: I have every right! This is my project, Sir Keith. Mine! And I make the decisions.

SIR KEITH: I shall appeal to the Minister himself!

STAHLMAN: Do that. Go on, do it! You know exactly what he will say. The Mole-Bore shaft is vital to this country's industrial future. They need the new power source - and they know I can get it for them.

SIR KEITH: Stahlman, for the last time...

LIZ: (DESPERATELY) Please - we must have a nuclear power supply reconnected.

STAHLMAN: The matter is closed, Miss Shaw. Under no circumstances will any power of any sort - be switched to the Doctor's hut.

AND HE WALKS AWAY. THE BRIGADIER SHRUGS HIS SHOULDERS WEARILY. LIZ BITES HER BOTTOM LIP WITH WORRY.

BRIGADIER: Well, we tried.

SIR KEITH: What has happened to the Doctor

LIZ: All I can say, Sir Keith, is that he is in deadly danger. Perhaps mortal danger.

BRIGADIER: And will probably remain that way unless Liz can get some nuclear power back to that hut.

SIR KEITH: (VERY QUIETLY) I shall have to go to London. I shall have to go direct to the Minister. Stahlman shouldn't be allowed to go on this way.

BRIGADIER: Do you think the Minister will listen to you ?

SIR KEITH: (SIGHES) I doubt it, Brigadier. I very much doubt it. Stahlman was right. They believe he is the only one who can succeed with this project. I'm only a very nominal figurehead of the operation. Stahlman is the real authority. And he knows it. Nevertheless, I must try. I'll go up to London just as soon as I can get away.

AND SIR KEITH MOVES SLOWLY AWAY FROM THEM.

WE MOVE OVER TO A FAR CORNER, TO WHERE STAHLMAN IS. WE COME IN CLOSE ON HIM. UNSEEN BY ANYONE ELSE HE TAKES A FURTIVE LOOK DOWN AT HIS HANDS. THAT BRILLIANT GREEN STAIN HAS SPREAD AND IT NOW COVERS MOST OF HIS PALMS. HE TAKES OUT A PAIR OF WHITE COTTON GLOVES FROM HIS POCKET AND PUTS THEM ON.

BUT STAHLMAN'S ACTIONS HAVE NOT GONE COMPLETELY UNNOTICED. PETRA HAS BEEN WATCHING IN THE B.G. A PUZZLED FROWN CROSSES HER FACE.

WE MOVE BACK TO LIZ AND THE BRIGADIER. LIZ LOOKS FORLORN AND DESPONDENT.

BRIGADIER: (QUIETLY) Come on, Liz. You know the Doctor - he can take care of himself - wherever he is.

LIZ: I was just wondering if we shall ever see him again, that's all.

OBVIOUSLY SHE IS VERY UPSET. THE BRIGADIER LEADS HER AWAY TOWARDS HIS OFFICE.

END ON A L.S. OF THE SCENE IN CENTRAL CONTROL.

FADE OUT: (OR MIX SLOWLY TO) FADE IN ON:

4. INT. DOCTOR'S HUT (ID).

(N.B: From here onwards scenes marked (II) refer to the 'duplicate-warp II' world, and, apart from the Doctor, all characters seen in these scenes are 'duplicates' of their 'other dimensional' counterparts.)

THE DOCTOR'S HUT IS EMPTY AND SILENT, AS BEFORE. THE CAMERA HOLDS ON THE CENTRE OF THE FLOOR.

THEN THERE IS A WHIRRING SOUND AND VERY SLOWLY THE CONSOLE BEGINS TO MATERIALISE - THEN THE CAR - AND, FINALLY, THE DOCTOR. HIS BODY IS LYING MOTIONLESS ON THE FLOOR BESIDE THE CONSOLE.

HE STIRS AND SUDDENLY BLINKS OPEN HIS EYES. HE SHAKES HIS HEAD AND SITS UP. THEN HE CHECKS TO MAKE SURE NO BONES ARE BROKEN. SATISFIED THAT HE HAS SUFFERED NO APPARENT DAMAGE, HE GETS GROGGILY TO HIS FEET.

HIS FIRST CONCERN IS FOR THE CONSOLE. HE CHECKS IT BRIEFLY, NOTING THAT THE POWER IS SWITCHED OFF. HE FROWNS AND MOVES OVER TO WHERE THE CONTACT BREAKERS WERE IN THE ORIGINAL HUT. HE'S SURPRISED TO SEE THAT IN THEIR PLACE IS A SMALL CUPBOARD. HE OPENS IT. INSIDE THERE IS AN ASSORTMENT OF ODDS AND ENDS, DUSTY EMPTY JARS AND BOTTLES, ETC.

DR WHO: (TO HIMSELF) Now who on earth's been messing around with...

BUT THEN HE NOTICES SOME COBWEBS AROUND THE CUPBOARD - AND THIS PUZZLES HIM EVEN MORE.

HE LOOKS AROUND THE HUT TO REORIENTATE HIMSELF. THE PLACE LOOKS MORE OR LESS THE SAME - BUT THE DOCTOR STARTS TO GET A STRANGE, UNCOMFORTABLE FEELING, AS THOUGH HE SUSPECTS THAT SOMETHING IS WRONG; SOMETHING INTANGIBLE. BUT AS YET HE CAN'T PINPOINT IT.

THERE'S A CALENDAR ON THE WALL. HE GLANCES AT IT BRIEFLY - CHECKS - AND TAKES A SECOND LOOK. THERE ARE FIFTY DAYS TO THE MONTH - AND THE NAME OF THE MONTH IS 'KWORTUMAE' - AND THERE ARE FIVE WEEKS IN IT, EACH WEEK WITH TEN DAYS. THE DOCTOR FROWNS AGAIN. BUT THEN HE CATCHES SIGHT OF HIS CAR AND THAT LOOKS PERFECTLY ALRIGHT. THIS SEEMS TO REASSURE HIM.

HE GETS INTO IT AND SWITCHES ON THE ENGINE. IT ROARS INTO LIFE QUITE NORMALLY. HE SHRUGS AND STARTS TO BACK THE CAR OUT. BUT THE GARAGE DOORS DON'T OPEN AUTOMATICALLY, AS THEY DID IN THE ORIGINAL HUT. SO HE GETS OUT AND OPENS THEM. THEN HE RETURNS TO THE CAR AND REVERSES IT OUT INTO THE OPEN.

CUT TO:

TK 3, Outside the Doctor's Hut, Day.

Everything looks the same - as the DOCTOR backs his car out. The Complex and the buildings are exactly the same. Trees, greenery, all look as they did.

He stops the car and looks back at the hut. Nothing has changed there - except for his home-made notice on the door. The message on it is the same - but the words and some of the letters are different, as though written in some type of phonetic alphabet. It reads: 'Pryvat. Kép Owt!'

The DOCTOR is on the verge of getting out of his car to inspect this more closely - when, suddenly, a shot rings out! The bullet ricochets off the side of the car, missing him by inches. Startled, he turns and sees the once-friendly UNIT SENTRY.

But somehow the man has changed. His face is grim and serious. He has his rifle up to his shoulder. His uniform trousers are tucked into black jackboots and he wears a black leather belt and equipment. On his sleeve he has an armband with the words 'Sekrité' written on it in Germanic lettering. Over his left breast pocket is the Mole-Bore Project badge (the first upright of the letter 'M' might extend downwards with an arrow at the end of it and the 'B' might be joined to the second upright). The effect of all this makes the once-cheerful and pleasant SENTRY look very martial and almost 'Nazi-ish'.

The Doctor calls out to him.

DR WHO:

(SHOUTS) Hey, just a minute...

But the SENTRY advances a step and fires another shot - and this time the bullet just skims past the DOCTOR's head. He ducks just in time.

Without waiting to argue further, the DOCTOR lets in the clutch and the car moves off at great speed.

As it does the SENTRY puts a whistle up to his lips and blows. From nearby there are answering whistles. Other SOLDIERS, all dressed the same as the SENTRY, start running in from all directions. All look stern and determined. The SENTRY points to the DOCTOR's car as it moves quickly from the scene.

Cut to:

A Roadway inside the Complex, Day.

As the DOCTOR and his car come rushing in.

Up ahead he spots the familiar figure of the UNIT SERGEANT. He waves frantically to the man. The SERGEANT turns to a SOLDIER nearby and takes a sub-machine gun from him. Terrified the DOCTOR watches as the SERGEANT points the weapon at the car - and starts spraying bullets directly at it.

The DOCTOR swings the wheel of the car hard over and makes a screeching U-turn in the road. As he does this he sees the SOLDIERS from outside his hut strung across the road, advancing towards his speeding car, cutting off his escape. The DOCTOR is trapped in a deadly crossfire as the SOLDIERS open up with their rifles.

From somewhere an alarm klaxon starts blaring out, adding to the din.

For a moment it seems that the DOCTOR is finished. But, fortunately, he spots a narrow side street which forms a T-junction with the road he's on. He tags at the steering wheel and turns abruptly into it.

Cut to:

Side Road inside the Complex (II), Day.

As the DOCTOR comes into the side road. Behind him we can see the SOLDIERS, led by the SERGEANT, in hot pursuit, firing as they run forward.

The DOCTOR pulls a knob on the dashboard - and suddenly billows of coloured smoke (as in Ep 1) come out from behind the car, forming a pretty effective smoke screen.

Cut to:

Outside the Operational Building (II), Day.

As the klaxon blares, SOLDIERS come pouring out of the Operational Building, rifles at the ready.

Cut back to:

Side Road inside the Complex (II). Day.

The SOLDIERS are enveloped in the smoke.  
The SERGEANT leads them on.

Ahead he spots the outline of the DOCTOR's car pulled up at the kerb. They immediately surround it. But the car is empty.

The SERGEANT sees a door swinging gently to and fro in a nearby building. He leads his men to it and they pour inside the building.

But close to the doorway there is a cluster of bins or crates. The DOCTOR emerges from behind them, where he has been hiding.

From the roadway he can hear more SOLDIERS shouting and whistles blowing. It looks as though, once more, he is trapped. Fortunately there is an iron ladder bolted to the outside of the wall, near the doorway. Quickly he begins to climb up it.

Only just in time - because the SOLDIERS and the SERGEANT come back out of the building. By now the smoke is clearing. The SERGEANT spreads the men out - and they continue their search, concentrating on other buildings nearby.

The SERGEANT speaks into a small Walkie-Talkie radio. His words are clipped and precise.

SERGEANT: (INTO WALKIE-TALKIE) Sec-  
try H.Q. - this is the perimeter guard. We have  
located the intruder in Area Wall Five. We  
have the place surrounded. He cannot escape.  
Other units should patrol Areas Wall Four and  
Six. Out.

nd he flicks off the mike button on the  
alkie Talkie.

It to:

at topped Roof of Building (II). Day.

A DOCTOR has reached the top of the der and clammers onto the flat top of the lding. He waits there a moment, catching breath.

to:

Side the Operational Building (II). Day.

SOLDIERS have taken up a guard posit-  
t the main entrance of the Operational  
ing. Others are clambering into jeeps  
have just drawn up outside.

REHEARSAL EPISODE THREE.

Pages 11/12. Rewrite from the bottom of Page 11 from the scene marked 'A Catwalk (II) Day,' starting: 'The men are closer to the DOCTOR now...' through to the end of the scene midway down Page 12:

A Catwalk (II), Day.

The men are closer to the DOCTOR now, each one reaching out to grab him.

Then, from below, comes the sound of gunfire. The bullets whip around the DOCTOR'S head - and then, just as the SOLDIER (Peters) is about to grab him, a bullet hits the man. With a terrifying screech he staggers back and topples from the catwalk, down to the ground below.

Cut to:

Ground below the Catwalk (II), Day.

The SOLDIERS quickly gather around the body on the ground.

Cut back to:

A Catwalk (II), Day.

The bullets haven't stopped the DOCTOR's other antagonist. He's still advancing slowly forward. The DOCTOR retreats, uncertain as to whether his greatest danger lies from the crazed TECHNICIAN coming at him - or from the rifle bullets down below.

When the DOCTOR's hand touches a cylindrical fire extinguisher in a holder bolted to the side of the catwalk (these would be placed in strategic positions all over the Complex). Hurriedly he takes it down and begins to fiddle with the nozzle. Suddenly a whoosh of foam begins to spray all over the place. The DOCTOR gets it under control and points the jet at the screeching man in front of him. As the foam hits the TECHNICIAN he staggers back with a screech. The DOCTOR prepares to give him a second dose of the stuff - but the foam is having a dramatic effect on the TECHNICIAN. The man tears at it where it has splattered over him, as though it were some terrible poison. Still screeching he beats a hasty retreat. The DOCTOR drops the extinguisher and makes good his own escape along the opposite end of the catwalk.

Cut to:

Ground below the Catwalk (II), Day.

One of the SOLDIERS down below looks up to the catwalk - and from his P.C.V. we see that it is empty. The DOCTOR and the infected TECHNICIAN have both disappeared.

Cut to:

PICK UP AGAIN ON THE SCENE MARKED:  
'Outside the Doctor's Hut (II), Day.

A Catwalk (II). Day.

This is a catwalk, high up, probably alongside a massive tank of some sort. The DOCTOR has climbed up onto it, possibly via another ladder. He looks down cautiously to the ground below.

Cut to:

Ground below the Catwalk (II). Day.

From the DOCTOR's P.C.V. Some SOLDIERS milling about. But, for the moment, they don't look up to the catwalk.

Cut back to:

Catwalk (II). Day.

The DOCTOR moves cautiously forward.

And then he sees, right in front of him, barring his way, the TECHNICIAN from the Main Switch Room at the Nuclear Reactor - the one who was attacked by Slocum. The man is snarling and screeching at him. His arms are matted with thick, coarse hair. His hands are clawlike as they reach out to the DOCTOR.

He backs away from this new danger. And then the DOCTOR hears another sound behind him. He turns. Peters, the dead SOLDIER, but now very much alive, is cutting off any escape. His arms are also matted with hair and his hands are clawlike. The tattered remnants of his uniform: shoulder - but his trousers are tucked into black ackboots, as worn by all the other soldiers. The DOCTOR stares at him incredulously as he advances slowly towards him.

DR WHO: (AGHAST WITH HORROR)  
Peters? But - but you're dead...

The man screeches in fury. The two men close in on the DOCTOR.

Cut to:

Ground below the Catwalk (II). Day.

A SOLDIER has heard the screeching from up above. He looks up and spots the three figures on the catwalk. He lifts his rifle.

Cut back to:

A Catwalk (II). Day.

The men are closer to the DOCTOR now, each one reaching out to grab him.

Then, from below, comes the sound of gunfire. The bullets whip around the DOCTOR's head -

and then, just as the TECHNICIAN is about to grab him, a bullet hits the man. With a terrifying screech he staggers back and collapses onto the catwalk.

But the bullets haven't stopped the DOCTOR's other antagonist. He's still advancing slowly forward. The DOCTOR retreats, uncertain as to whether his greatest danger lies from the crazed SOLDIER coming at him - or from the rifle bullets down below.

Then the DOCTOR's hand touches a cylindrical fire extinguisher bolted to the side of the catwalk (these would be placed in strategic positions all over the Complex). Hurriedly he takes it down and begins to fiddle with the nozzle. Suddenly a whoosh of foam begins to spray all over the place. The DOCTOR gets it under control and points the jet at the screeching man in front of him. As the foam hits the SOLDIER he staggers back - slips - and then falls from the catwalk - down to the soldiers below.

Cut to:

Ground below the Catwalk (II), Day,

The SOLDIERS quickly gather around the body on the ground.

One of them looks up to the catwalk - and from his P.C.V. we see that it is empty. The DOCTOR has made good his escape.

Mix to:

Outside the Doctor's Hut (II), Day,

LIZ is walking towards the hut. Like everyone else she looks vaguely different. Her hair is dark, she looks thin-lipped and stern - and she wears a uniform skirt and blouse. On her sleeve is the armband with the word 'Sekurite' on it.

We are watching her from the DOCTOR'S P.C.V., as he hides somewhere close by. Then, cautiously, he moves out into the open - and hails her.

DR WHO: (CALLS) Liz!

She turns - and slowly he approaches her. She stands stock still as he comes nearer.

DR WHO: Liz, don't you recognise me? Look, it's me! And what on earth are you doing in that get-up? you look like a female Storm Trooper or something. And what's happened to everyone around here? Have they suddenly gone mad? (BEAT) Liz?

But it's as though LIZ has never seen the DOCTOR before in her life. He seems to be a complete stranger to her.

Very deliberately she takes a whistle from her breast pocket, puts it to her lips - and blows hard. The DOCTOR stands aghast.

DR WHO: Liz, for goodness sake - what is the matter?

SOLDIERS appear and immediately surround the DOCTOR, rifles at the ready.

DR WHO: Tell them who I am!

LIZ: (CLIPPED AND STERN) I have never set eyes on you before. All I know is that you are an intruder - and therefore a saboteur.

The DOCTOR can hardly believe his ears.  
The SOLDIERS move forward.

LIZ: Take him away.

And they grab the DOCTOR.

DR WHO: Alright, a joke's a joke - but this has gone just a bit too far!

LIZ takes no notice of him whatsoever as the SOLDIERS drag him away. She follows on behind.

Slow mix to:

5. INT. BRIGADIER'S OFFICE (D), LATER.

THE ROOM IS MORE OR LESS THE SAME AS THE BRIGADIER'S OFFICE IN EPS 1 AND 2, BUT THERE ARE SOME DIFFERENCES. ALL THE NOTICES ARE WRITTEN IN THAT STRANGE, PHONETIC ALPHABET. THE PLACE IS MUCH MORE AUSTERE, MORE FORBIDDING SOMEHOW.

THE BRIGADIER IS SITTING AT HIS DESK, WORKING. LIKE EVERYONE ELSE HE, TOO, LOOKS DIFFERENT. HE HAS NO MOUSTACHI AND THERE IS AN OLD DUELING SCAR DOWN THE SIDE OF HIS FACE. THE COLOUR OF HIS HAIR IS DIFFERENT. HIS APPEARS ANEE LOOKS QUITE PRUSSIAN. HIS UNIFORM JACKET IS SIMILAR, BUT OVER IT HE WEARS A BLACK LEATHER SAM BROWNE BELT, COMPLETE WITH MAUSER-TYPE PISTOL HOLSTER. INSTEAD OF TROUSERS HE WEARS RIDING BREECHES AND HIGHLY POLISHED BLACK MILITARY RIDING BOOTS. HIS VOICE IS HARSH AND CLIPPED. HIS MANNER STERN AND GRIM.

THE DOCTOR OPENS AND THE DOCTOR IS HAULED IN BY THE SERGEANT. LIZ FULLER IS BEHIND. THE SENTRY FROM OUTSIDE THE HUT BRINGS UP THE BRAK AND STANDS ON GUARD INSIDE THE OFFICE DOOR.

THE BRIGADIER GETS TO HIS FEET.

BRIGADIER: Ha!

THE DOCTOR RAISES HIS EYEBROWS. THE BRIGADIER PACES ROUND HIM, SCRUTINISING HIM CAREFULLY. THE DOCTOR, IN TURN, STARES HARD AT THE BRIGADIER. HE'S INTERESTED IN THAT SCAR.

BRIGADIER: So - you'd did not get far, my friend.

DR WHO: Did you by any chance cut yourself shaving this morning, Brigadier? That's a nasty looking scar...

SERGEANT: Silence!

THE BRIGADIER PUTS A SELF CONSCIOUS HAND UP TO THE SCAR ON HIS FACE.

BRIGADIER: (TERSE) I think, before we are finished, we shall have knocked some of that insolence out of you.

THE DOCTOR GRUNTS - BUT HIS ATTENTION HAS BEEN DRAWN FROM THE BRIGADIER TO THE OFFICE ITSELF. HE LOOKS AT EVERYTHING WITH GREAT INTEREST.

BRIGADIER: How did you get inside this establishment?

DR WHO: I beg your pardon?

BRIGADIER: Do not tax my patience! How did you get in here?

DR WHO: By your invitation. About a month ago.

BRIGADIER: (ANGRILY) Don't play the fool with me!

BUT THE DOCTOR IS STILL ENGROSSED IN WITH HIS SURROUNDINGS.

DR WHO: I find all this most interesting.

SERGEANT: Maybe he needs softening up a little, sir.

DR WHO: Most interesting. (TO THE BRIGADIER) Your name is Lethbridge Stewart

BRIGADIER: Yes...

DR WHO: Couldn't be two names like that...  
LIZ: And your name is Liz Shaw.

LIZ: Correct.

BRIGADIER: We are asking the questions here!

DR WHO: (THOUGHTFULLY) Yes, I'm beginnin' to see what's happened.

BRIGADIER: And your name?

DR WHO: Who. Dr who.

BRIGADIER: Where do you come from?

DR WHO: Ha, now this is what you're going to find hard to believe.

BRIGADIER: Where?

DR WHO: Another dimension. Identical to this. At least, almost identical. And before that? Well, it's a long, long story.

BRIGADIER: What is this talk of dimensions?

LIZ: Obviously he is trying to confuse us, Brigadier. Huh, 'Dr Who' - that's an alias if I ever heard one. There is no doubt that he is a spy and a saboteur.

DR WHO: No. More an observer, I would have said. You see, I made a journey. Not in time or space or distance - but in dimension. I've come from another world - one which is running almost parallel to this.

BRIGADIER: What is he talking about?

DR WHO: At first I thought the console had failed to activate properly. I thought it was a sort of misfire.

LIZ: Perhaps this is a job for the psychiatrists after all.

DR WHO: But it wasn't a misfire. No. The Tardis worked! It transposed me into this 'duplicate warp'.

BRIGADIER: I see what he is trying to do. He is trying to make us believe that he is mad.

DR WHO: Fascinating. Brigadier, you might be interested to know that your alter ego sports a rather dapper moustache. And Liz, your counterpart is a blonde.

BRIGADIER: I've had quite enough of this! Now I want the truth!

DR WHO: How far down is the Mole-Bore right now?

AS IN THE OTHER MOLE-BORE, THE CO-PUTER IS DEFUNCT.

STAHLMAN IS THERE, EVEN MORE AUTOMATIC THAN BEFORE. ON HIS HANDS HE WEARS A PAIR OF WHITE COTTON GLOVES. PETRA WILLIAMS IS NEARBY, STILL ATTRACTIVE, BUT MORE AUSTERE. GREG SUTTON WORKS IN THE B.G., CHECKING OVER THE FLEXIBLE COOLANT PIPES.

THE DOCTOR TAKES IN THE WHOLE SCENE BUT FROWNS WHEN HE SEES THE DEPTH DIAGRAM AND THE COUNTDOWN INDICATOR.

DR WHO: I see you are far more advanced here.

HE TURNS TO LOOK AT THE SILENT COMPUTER.

DR WHO: And still disinclined to take advice.

THE BRIGADIER SALUTES, CLICKS HIS HEELS AND REPORTS TO STAHLMAN.

BRIGADIER: The intruder has been caught and apprehended, Professor.

STAHLMAN: Good.

BRIGADIER: I thought you might like to question him.

STAHLMAN: He is of no interest to me, Brigadier. You know what to do with spies.

BRIGADIER: He asks to speak to Sir Keith Malvane.

STAHLMAN: And did you tell him that would be a little difficult ?

DR WHO COMES FORWARD.

DR WHO: Difficult ? Why ?

STAHLMAN: Sir Keith was killed in a motor accident about 24 hours ago.

DR WHO: (HORROR) No...!

STAHLMAN: He was on his way to the Ministry in London.

DR WHO: Yes... Yes, he mentioned he might go there... (QUIETLY) Does everything run parallel here ?

BRIGADIER: We have not yet ascertained this man's proper identity, Professor.

STAHLMAN: Then I suggest you continue the interrogation and allow me to get on with my work.

BRIGADIER: It was only that he spoke of having come from some other dimension, Professor.

STAHLMAN: I have no time to waste on maniacs

BRIGADIER: Quite so. My apologies...

DR WHO: What about the computer?

AT THIS STAHLMAN PRICKS UP HIS EARS.

STAHLMAN: The computer? What do you know of it?

DR WHO: Looks as though it's bust.

BRIGADIER: It was sabotaged.

DR WHO: Yes, and I'll bet Professor Staehlman could name the culprit, too.

STAHLMAN: (SHARPLY) What?

DR WHO: Missing micro-circuit, do you think, Professor?

STAHLMAN: (AGITATED) Obviously this man was responsible for the damage to the computer, Brigadier!

DR WHO: Would you like me to fix it?

STAHLMAN: No! You are to keep away from the machine!

DR WHO: Yes, I thought you might say that.

STAHLMAN: Take him away!

THE BRIGADIER CLICKS HIS HEELS AGAIN AND SIGNALS THE SERGEANT TO TAKE THE DOCTOR BACK TO HIS OFFICE. LIZ AGAIN FOLLOWS AFTER THEM.

STAHLMAN STALKS OFF TOWARDS THE DRILL-HEAD.

SUTTON MOVES OVER TO PETRA.

SUTTON: (CURTLY) Will you inform the Professor that we have no pressure in the coolant pipes, please?

PETRA: (EQUALLY CURTLY) The Professor is aware of that. He had the pressure by-passed to the shaft.

SUTTON: But if an emergency should develop there will be no safe-guard at the drill-head.

PETRA: There will be no emergency.

SUTTON: Nevertheless, it is my duty to bring the situation to his notice. In my experience when an oil shaft blows...

PETRA: This is not an oil shaft, Mr Sutton.

SUTTON: The characteristics...

PETRA: ...Are totally different.

SUTTON: As you wish.

SHE NODS HER ACKNOWLEDGEMENT AND MOVES TO THE DRILL-HEAD TUNNEL.

CUT TO:

7. INT. DRILL-HEAD AREA (ID, SAME TIME,

THE SAME SUBTLE DIFFERENCES ARE APPARENT HERE, MAKING THE SET ONLY SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT FROM THE DRILL-HEAD ON EARTH I.

THE STAFF HERE ARE SILENT AND EXPRESSIONLESS, LOOKING MORE LIKE AUTOMATONS THAN TECHNICIANS.

STAHLMAN IS TALKING QUIETLY TO ONE OF THE MEN. PETRA COMES IN AND CHECKS SOME DIALS. THEN SHE MOVES OVER TO STAHLMAN.

PETRA: All safety factors have been exceeded, Professor.

STAHLMAN: I know.

PETRA: And Sutton is complaining that he has no coolant supply...

STAHLMAN: It will not be needed. All systems are still functioning efficiently.

PETRA: As you say, Professor.

STAHLMAN: We are very close to final penetration. I will not decelerate the drilling at this crucial stage.

PETRA: As you wish, Professor.

PETRA MOVES AWAY FROM HIM. SHE GLANCES AT ANOTHER DIAL - AND WE COME IN CLOSE ON IT. A NEEDLE IS WELL OVER INTO A DANGER AREA. PETRA FROWNS - BUT ENSURES THAT NO ONE ELSE CAN SEE THE WORRY ON HER FACE. SHE MOVES OUT OF THE DRILL-HEAD AREA, BACK TOWARDS CENTRAL CONTROL.

AFTER SHE'S GONE STAHLMAN GOES INTO A CORNER OUT OF SIGHT OF THE OTHER

more.

TECHNICIANS. HERE HE CAUTIOUSLY TURNS BACK THE COTTON GLOVE ON HIS LEFT HAND. WE COULD IN CLOSE AND SEE THAT HIS ENTIRE KNUCKLE AND HAND IS STAINED THAT BRILLIANT GREEN - AND ALREADY SOME LONG STRANDS OF COURSE HAIR ARE GROWING FROM IT. THEN THAT STRANGE, EVIL LOOK CROSSES HIS FACE. IN THE DISTANCE, SOFTLY, WE CAN HEAR THAT LEMIE, SCREECHING NOISE. STAHL-MAN PUTS HIS HANDS UP TO HIS TEMPLES.

THE ATTACK PASSES, BUT THE FURY REMAINS REFLECTED IN HIS EYES. HE RETURNS TO THE CENTRE OF THE DRILL-HEAD AREA. HE LOOKS AT THE DANGER SIGNALS ON SOME DIALS - AND HIS EYES NARROW AND A TWISTED SMILE CRHASES HIS MOUTH.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIGADIER'S OFFICE (1), SAME TIME.

LIZ IS SITTING AT THE BRIGADIER'S DESK, SPEAKING ON THE TELEPHONE. THE DOCTOR STANDS BEFORE HER, GUARDED BY THE SERGEANT. THE OTHER SENTRY REMAINS AT THE OTHER DOOR TO THE OFFICE.

LIZ: (INTO PHONE)... And you will prepare to receive a prisoner. I am preparing the papers now, on the authority of Brigadier Lethbridge Stewart. The prisoner referred to is to be treated as a Class One A security risk. His real identity has not yet been fully ascertained.

SHE PUTS DOWN THE PHONE AND BUSIES HERSELF FILLING IN SOME FORMS ON THE DESK.

DR WHO: What happens to saboteurs here?

LIZ: (WITHOUT LOOKING UP) They are shot.

DR WHO: Without an inquiry - or the formality of a trial?

THE SERGEANT CHUCKLES.

LIZ: Defence of the Republic Act. We have the authority to dispose of any suspicious persons found in restricted areas.

DR WHO: Republic? What Republic?

LIZ: The Republic of Great Britain, of course.

DR WHO: Oh, I see. So outwardly some things have changed a great deal here.

LIZ: Nothing has changed.

DR WHO: That's what you think.

SERGEANT: You talk too much.

DR WHO: I rather feel that talking is about all we have left to us. (CAREFULLY) I suppose you know that you are all in very grave danger. Without that computer to guide and advise you...

SERGEANT: Silence!

LIZ: Oh, let him talk. It is of no consequence.

DR WHO: I think I could mend that computer I might be able to by-pass the missing micro-circuit and connect up with the other banks. At least you'd get some information from the machine. At least you'd get some warning of what's in store for you.

LIZ: You are wasting your time.

DR WHO: But before that computer broke down it was transmitting danger signals, wasn't it?

LIZ: Professor Stahlman maintained that the machine was unreliable.

DR WHO: Yes, I know about all that. But what about Harry Slocum?

LIZ LOOKS UP FROM HER WORK SHARPLY.

LIZ: What do you know of him?

DR WHO: Only that something happened to him. Something strange. Something awful. And others were infected. Didn't anyone take any notice of that?

LIZ: It was an infection caused by some of the chemicals used here...

DR WHO: Rubbish! There was a positive degeneration of the cells. And no known chemical could have caused that.

LIZ: The explanation given...

DR WHO: By whom? Stahlman?

LIZ: Of course.

DR WHO: Ha!

LIZ: I am not going to argue with a prisoner.

DR WHO: And then there was the Technician and the soldier, Peters. Were they in contact with chemicals?

LIZ: That was not my department.

DR WHO: In that other world - that other dimension that I've come from - there was also a Harry Slocum - and the same thing happened to him. There was also a computer that was sabotaged. But before it became defunct it was transmitting, warning about the shaft. It kept on advising that the drilling be stopped immediately. It warned of vast, horrifying primordial forces down there. Things waiting to escape - things that have waited for millions of years. Things better left sealed off - and never freed.

LIZ: (SHRUGS THIS OFF) And what happened in this - this other world ?

DR WHO: When I left - they were still drilling.

LIZ: You must think that we are all as crazy as you.

DR WHO: Where do you think I've come from then ?

LIZ: From our enemies.

DR WHO: Then somewhere there should be a record of my identity, shouldn't there ?

LIZ: Yes. And we shall find it. Our files are most extensive.

DR WHO: I'll guarantee you never will find any record of my existence. I'll bet my life on it. You see, I'm a paradox. I don't belong here. I came by accident ! I don't exist !

LIZ: Then you are very lucky. You will not feel the bullet when you are executed.

AND THE SERGEANT CHUCKLES AGAIN.

THE BUZZER ON THE INTERCOM PHONE GOES. LIZ PICKS UP THE PHONE.

LIZ: (INTO PHONE) Yes ? Yes, Brigadier. Immediately.

SHE REPLACES THE PHONE AND GETS TO HER FRET.

LIZ: (TO THE SERGEANT) The prisoner will remain here. I shall be back very soon.

THE SERGEANT CLICKS HIS HEELS. LIZ LEAVES THE OFFICE VIA THE DOOR TO CENTRAL CONTROL.

CUT TO:

9. INT. CENTRAL CONTROL (D. SAME TIME).

AS LIZ COMES IN FROM THE OFFICE. SHE IS IMMEDIATELY MET BY THE BRIGADIER. HE TAKES HER BY THE ARM AND LEADS HER TO A QUIET CORNER.

BRIGADIER: I've just been on the telephone to Central Records about our prisoner. I gave them a full description and relayed a radio-photo to them.

LIZ: Ah, so now we can put a name to the prisoner. This ridiculous story he sticks to about...

BRIGADIER: They have checked and rechecked. There is absolutely no one answering to his description in their files. It is as though the man does not exist.

AND AT THAT LIZ TURNS AND SHOOTS A PUZZLED LOOK AT THE OFFICE DOOR.

LIZ: But that is impossible...

BRIGADIER: They'll keep checking - but they said they are certain that this man is not a known agent of any foreign government.

LIZ: Central Records has never been wrong before. They pride themselves on being able to put a name to any face...

BRIGADIER: (DOUBTFULLY) This incredible story he tells - of this other dimension...

BUT THE BRIGADIER SHAKES HIS HEAD AND REFUSES TO ACCEPT HIS OWN SUDDEN DOUBTS.

BRIGADIER: No. No, of course not.

LIZ: He ~~seems~~ seems to know so much about this whole operation. It is as though he had been here for some weeks. This does not make any sense.

IN THE B.G. STAHLMAN COMES IN FROM THE DRILL-HEAD. HE SPOTS THE BRIGADIER AND COMES OVER TO HIM.

BRIGADIER: No sense at all.

STAHLMAN JOINS THEM.

STAHLMAN: Well, Brigadier, has the prisoner been taken care of satisfactorily?

BRIGADIER: A complication has arisen, Professor.

STAHLMAN: Complication?

BRIGADIER: A question of identification.

STAHLMAN: The man is a spy and a saboteur - what does it matter about his name?

BRIGADIER: The Regulations are very specific on this point, sir. Full identity checks must be made before any final action can be taken...

LIZ: He knows so much about this project, sir. It would be advisable for us to discover...

STAHLMAN: I want immediate action, do you understand? Report to me when the matter has been fully dealt with.

BRIGADIER: But the Regulations...

STAHLMAN: I am the ultimate authority here: I take full responsibility, Brigadier.

BRIGADIER: Very good, sir.

AND STAHLMAN MOVES AWAY. AFTER HE'S OUT OF EARSHOT THE BRIGADIER TURNS TO LIZ.

BRIGADIER: We'll have the prisoner taken down to the Security Cells.

LIZ NODS AND THEY TURN BACK TO THE OFFICE.

CUT TO:

10. INT. DRILL-HEAD AREA (ID), SAME TIME.

A TECHNICIAN IS STAKING AT SOME DROPLETS OF THAT EVIL, FROTHING SUBSTANCE WHICH ARE SEEPING UP FROM THE OUTPUT PIPE, FROM THE FLANGE THAT SLCCUM FIXED IN EP 1. THE MAN TURNS AWAY FROM THE PIPE AND GOES TO A WALL PHONE NEARBY.

CUT TO:

11. INT. BRIGADIER'S OFFICE (ID), SAME TIME.

AS LIZ AND THE BRIGADIER COME IN, HE LOOKS SOURLY AT THE DOCTOR.

BRIGADIER: You are giving us a great deal of trouble.

DR WHO: I'm so glad about that.

BRIGADIER: You could make things so much easier for yourself if you would tell us the truth about your identity.

DR WHO: (HE LOOKS AT LIZ) No record of me, eh?

LIZ: You have very little time left...

DR WHO: My dear young lady, if that computer was functioning it would tell us that we all have very little time left.

BRIGADIER: The man is incorrigible!

DR WHO: Totally.

AND DR WHO FLOPS DOWN ON THE NEAREST CHAIR. HE WAITS FOR THE NEXT MOVE.

CUT TO:

12. INT. CENTRAL CONTROL (II). SAME TIME.

PETRA IS TALKING INTO A WALL PHONE.

PETRA: (INTO PHONE) The Number 2 Output Pipe again? Is the leak bad? I see.

SHE PUTS DOWN THE PHONE. SUTTON IS CLOSE BY.

SUTTON: Trouble?

PETRA: A minor detail.

SUTTON: At the drill-Head?

PETRA: Yes.

SUTTON: There is no such thing as a 'minor detail' at the drill-head.

STAHLMAN COMES IN.

PETRA: Oh, Professor, they report a minor leak in Number 2 Output Pipe.

STAHLMAN: So?

SUTTON: So something should be done about it immediately, Professor. The final countdown will begin soon.

STAHLMAN: Have one of the duty Riggers see to it.

PETRA: Yes, Professor.

PETRA MOVES AWAY.

SUTTON: I think you should see for yourself, sir.

STAHLMAN: Do not presume to tell me what I should or should not do, Mr Sutton.

AND THEN, SUDDENLY, THERE IS A ROARING SOUND FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE DRILL-HEAD AREA. THIS IS IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWED BY THE NOISE OF ALARM BELLS

more

SINGING OUT. TECHNICIANS MOVE QUICKLY TO THEIR EMERGENCY STATIONS.

SUTTON: The Drill-Head!

CUT TO:

13. INT. DRILL-HEAD AREA (D), SAME TIME.

THAT FLANGE ON THE OUTPUT PIPE HAS BURST, TEARING AWAY OTHER PIPES AND CABLES WITH IT. A GREAT JET OF WHITE HOT GAS SPOUTS UP TO THE CEILING - AND THAT THICK, GLUTINOUS SUBSTANCE IS COZING OUT, FROTHING AND BOILING. VAPOURS AND GASES AND STEAM POUR INTO THE AREA FROM THE LEAK.

CUT TO:

14. INT. BRIGADIER'S OFFICE (D), SAME TIME.

AT THE SOUND OF THE ALARM BELLS LIZ AND THE BRIGADIER RUSH TO CENTRAL CONTROL.

WITHOUT FURTHER ADO THE DOCTOR LEAPS OUT OF HIS CHAIR AND HURRIES AFTER THEM, WHILST THE SERGEANT'S ATTENTION IS DISTRACTED. HE SHOUTS AFTER THE DOCTOR AND FOLLOWS HIM THROUGH INTO CENTRAL CONTROL.

CUT TO:

15. INT. CENTRAL CONTROL (D), SAME TIME.

THE BRIGADIER RUNS TO A COMMUNICATIONS PANEL AND STARTS TALKING INTO IT.

BRIGADIER: (INTO MIKE) All Security Units alert. All Units alert and take up emergency stations immediately!

NOW THERE'S FRENZIED ACTIVITY ALL AROUND THE AREA. TECHNICIANS RUN TO COMBAT THE EMERGENCY.

SUTTON JOINS HIS 'DISASTER CREW' WHO ARE DONNING THEIR 'DISASTER SUITS'. HE SPOTS PETRA AND SHOUTS OVER TO HER.

SUTTON: The coolant pipes! Get me some pressure laid on for the reserve supply.

PETRA DARTS OVER TO AN ELECTRONIC PANEL AND TURNS A SMALL STOPCOCK.

AND IN THE MIDST OF ALL THIS FRENZY THE DOCTOR HAS MANAGED TO ELUDE THE FRANTIC SERGEANT. HE'S DUCKED DOWN BESIDE THE DEFUNCT COMPUTER. THERE ARE SOME TOOL BAGS THERE, LEFT BY THE MAINTENANCE CREW. THE DOCTOR STARTS SEARCHING THROUGH THEM, LOOKING FOR A SPARE MICRO-CIRCUIT.

THE ALARM BELLS CONTINUE TO RING OUT.

CUT TO:

TK 4. Outside the Operational Building, Day.

Fire engines and 'disaster tenders' scream up to the entrance of the building. Guards take up their positions.

t to:

16. INT. DRILL-HEAD AREA (II). SAME TIME.

THE SITUATION HERE HAS DETERIORATED. THE LEAK IN THE BURST FLANGE HAS GROWN WIDER, MORE VAPOUR AND STEAM POURS INTO THE PLACE.

MOST OF THE TECHNICIANS ARE BEGINNING TO DESERT THEIR POSTS AND ARE DASHING FOR THE TUNNEL LEADING TO CENTRAL CONTROL.

FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE LEAKING PIPE WE CAN HEAR THAT AWFUL SCREECHING NOISE.

CUT TO:

17. INT. CENTRAL CONTROL (II). SAME TIME.

STAHLMAN IS DESPERATELY TRYING TO BRING SOME SORT OF ORDER TO THE CONTROL AREA. HE'S SHOUTING AT THE TOP OF HIS VOICE.

STAHLMAN: It's alright! It's only a leak! It can be controlled!

PETRA RUNS OVER TO SUTTON. HE'S ORGANISING HIS 'DISASTER CREW'.

PETRA: You have pressure in those coolant pipes now, Mr Sutton.

SUTTON: Thank you - Petra.

AT THE SOUND OF HER CHRISTIAN NAME PETRA FROWNS - BUT THEN PERMITS HERSELF THE GHOST OF A SMILE.

WE CUT AWAY TO WHERE THE DOCTOR IS BUSY SEARCHING THROUGH THE TOOLBAGS.

LIZ HAS SPOTTED HIM HIDING THERE. SHE PUSHES OVER AND DRAWS A ~~WEAP~~ PISTOL. SHE POINTS IT AT HIS HEAD.

LIZ: What do you think you're doing ?

DR. WHO: Looking for a micro-circuit. There must be a spare one in here somewhere.

HE TAKES NO NOTICE OF THE PISTOL.

DR. WHO: It's about the size of half a post-card. In the other dimension it's got a serial number; probably starts with AD/12...

LIZ: Get up !

DR. WHO: (STILL TAKING LITTLE NOTICE OF HER) If I can find it I might just be able to get the computer working again. And the machine might be able to tell us how to combat this emergency.

LIZ: Get up, I tell you !

DR. WHO: Look, point that thing somewhere else, will you ? It's a bit distracting when one is trying to find something.

AND THEN THAT SCREECHING SOUND FROM THE DRILL-HEAD CAN BE HEARD IN CENTRAL CONTROL. THE NOISE SEEMS TO FILL THE WHOLE AREA. FOR A MOMENT EVERYONE IS ROOTED TO THE SPOT, LISTENING.

LIZ: (CHUSHED) What's that noise ?

DR. WHO: (SERIOUSLY) That, my girl, is the sound of the this planet screaming out its rage. It's the sound of the Apocalypse, of Armageddon. It is also a death cry.

AND FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE TUNNEL WE CAN SEE SOME WISPS OF VAPOUR CREEPING INTO CENTRAL CONTROL.

FADE.

ROLL CREDITS, ETC.

Page 2 . Discard original Page 2 and substitute the following, from the top:

DR. HC: (TO HIMSELF) There must be a spare micro-circuit here somewhere!

HE STARTS FRANTICALLY EMPTYING OUT ALL THE BITS AND PIECES AND SPARE PARTS FROM THE TOOLBAG. HE LOOKS UP BRIEFLY AND FROM HIS P.O.V. WE CAN SEE SOME THIN WISPS OF VAPOUR CREEPING INTO CENTRAL CONTROL FROM THE DRILL-HEAD AREA. HE RETURNS TO HIS SEARCH OF THE TOOLBAG.

WE COME IN CLOSE ON HIM AND SEE HIS EYES LIGHT UP AS HE DISCOVERS A SMALL BUNDLE OF MICRO-CIRCUITS. THE QUESTION IS - WHICH IS THE RIGHT ONE?

AND THEN, SUDDENLY, THE DOCTOR HEARS THE UNMISTAKEABLE SOUND OF A GUN (RIFLE OR AUTOMATIC WEAPON) BEING COCKED RIGHT BEHIND HIM.

HE TURNS - AND IS LOOKING RIGHT INTO THE MUZZLE OF A GUN HELD BY THE SERGEANT. THE MAN IS SMILING COLDLY. WE MOVE IN VERY CLOSE ON HIS FINGER ON THE TRIGGER - TIGHTENING...

THE DOCTOR CLOSES HIS EYES AND GRIMACES, TENSING HIMSELF FOR THE IMPACT OF THE BULLET...

FADE:

ROLL CREDITS, ETC.